CANAAN'S CALAMITIE,

JERUSALEMS MISERY;

AND

ENGLAND'S MIRROR.

The Doleful Destruction of FAIR JERUSALEM, By *TITUS* the Son of *Vespasian*, Emperour of *ROME*, in the year of CHRIST'S *Incarnation* 74.

Wherein is shewed the Wonderful Miseries which GOD brought upon that City for Sin, being utterly Overthrown and Destroyed by SWORD, PESTILENCE, and FAMINE.

Briefly gathered into this small Volume, for the benefit of all well-disposed persons, wherein they shall *find many strange and notable things, worthy to be regarded and had in remembrance.*

LONDON,

Printed by *Tho. James* for *Edward Thomas* at the *Adam* and *Eve* in *Little Britain*. 1677.

Thos. Jolley Esq. F.S.A.

7.21

2/12/6 very rare

ct/

Thos Jolley
1800

46
11 3
663

To the Right Worshipful Mr. Richard Kingsmill *Esquire*, Justice of Peace and Quorum in the County of *Southampton*, and Surveyor of *her Majesties Courts of Wards and Liveries*, *All prosperity and happiness.*

HAving (right worshipful) often heard of your extraordinary favour, shewed in the depth of extremity, to some poor friends of mine, remaining in your pleasant Lordship of *Highcleer*: by means whereof, they have had no small comfort for the recovery of their wished desire; I have been studious how I might in some measure declare both their thankfulness and mine own for so great a good. But such is our weak ability that we cannot requite the least point of that life prolonging kindness, which the riches of your courtesie did yield: nevertheless to make apparent, that our poor estates shall not obscure, or cloud with ingratitude, the well intending thoughts of our hearts; I have presumed to present to your Worship this little Book, an unfeigned token of our good affection: hoping that like the Princely *Persian* you will more respect the good will than the gift, which I confess far unworthy so worthy a Patron, in respect of the simple handling of so excellent a matter. But a plain stile doth best become plain truth, for a trifling fable hath most need of a pleasant pen. Wherefore if it shall please your Worship to esteem of my simple labour, and to let this pass under your favourable protection, I shall have the end of my desire. And resting thus in hope of your Worships courtesie, I cease, wishing you all hearts content in this life, and in the world to come eternal felicity.

In the year of our Lord God, 1598.

Your Wor. most humbly affectionate

T. D.

To the Gentlemen Readers health.

Gentlemen, I present you here with the Mourning Song of Jerusalems *sorrows, whose destruction was prophesied by our Lord Jesus Christ, while he lived among them: notwithstanding they neither regarded, nor believed his words. And after they had in the malice of their hearts compassed his death, and that the Judge sought to clear himself of so foul a crime: The cursed Jews cried with one consent saying:* His blood be on us and on our Children. *Which wicked wish of theirs the Lord brought to pass within a short time after, as in this following History you shall perceive. At what time both City and Temple was brought to utter confusion: the misery whereof was so extream, as the like was never before nor since. And you shall perceive that this destruction came upon them in the time of their greatest prosperity, when their Gold and Treasure most abounded, when Pride excelled, and that the People were bent to all Wantonness. Such was their daintiness and delicacy, that they could not devise, with what meat they might best please their stomachs, wishing for better bread than could be made of Wheat: abusing in such sort the blessings of God (which was in great abundance bestowed upon them) that being glutted with too much wealth and plenty, they loathed every thing that bore not a high price: casting scornful eyes upon Gods great blessings: But in reading this History, you shall see how soon their estate was changed, and the great plagues that followed their peevish and hateful pride: by whose woeful fall, God grant us and all Christians to take example, lest following them in the like sin, we feel the like smart.*

Vale

Yours in all courtesie: *T. D.*

A Deſcription of Jeruſalem *and the Riches thereof.*

LIke to a Mourner clad in doleful Black,
That ſadly ſits to hear a heavy Tale,
So muſt my Pen proceed to ſhew the wracks,
That did with terror *Sion* Hill aſſail.
What time *Jeruſalem* that City fair,
Was ſieg'd and ſackt by high *Veſpaſians* Heir.

A Noble Jew *Joſephus* writes the Story,
Of all the Stories ever yet recited,
Never could any make the mind more ſorry,
Than that which he ſo dolefully indited:
Which ſets in ſight how for abomination,
That goodly City came to deſolation.

In all the World the like might not be ſeen,
To this fair City famous to behold,
A Thouſand Towers ſtood there the Streets between,
Whoſe carved ſtones great cunning did unfold:
The buildings all, ſo ſtately fine and rare,
That with *Jeruſalem* no place might compare.

In mid'ſt whereof the glorious Temple ſtood,
Which *Nehemiah* had ſo fair erected,
Whoſe Timber-work was all of precious wood,
By Gods appointment wondrouſly effected:
Where all the people came with one accord,
And offered ſacrifice, unto the Lord.

Three ſtately Walls begirt this City round,
Strongly rais'd up of gallant ſquared ſtone,
Impoſſible in ſight foes ſhould them confound,
By warlike Engines ſeized thereupon;
The ſpacious Gates, moſt glorious to behold,
Were all gilt over with rich burniſht Gold.

And round about *Jeruſalem* likewiſe,
Were pleaſant walks prepar'd for recreation,
Sweet dainty Gardens feeding gazers eyes,
With works of wonder and high admiration:
Where in the midſt of ſweeteſt ſmelling flowers,
They built for pleaſure, many pleaſant bowers.

In treaſures ſtore this City did excell,
For pomp and pride it was the onely place,
In her alone did richeſt Merchants dwell,
And famous Princes ſprung of Royal Race:
And fairer Dames did Nature never frame,
Then in that City dwelt and thither came.

Chriſts Propheſie of the Deſtruction of this City, and how it came to paſs accordingly within Forty Years after, ſhewing the cauſe that moved the Emperor to come againſt it.

OF JERUSALEM.

OUR Saviour *Christ* tracing the bordered hills
When he on this fair City cast his Eye,
The tears along his Royal Cheeks distills,
Mourning for their destruction drawing nigh:
O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, quoth he,
My heart bewails thy great calamity.

The time shall come and near it is at hand,
When furious foes shall trench thee round about,
And batter down thy Towers that stately stand,
All thy strong holds within thee and without:
Thy Golden Buildings shall they quite confound,
And make thee equal with the lowly ground.

O woe to them that then give suck he says,
And dull their Infants on their tender Knees,
More woe to them that be with child those days,
Wherein shall be such extream miseries seen wise;
Thou might'st have shun'd these plagues had'st thou
Which now for sin is hidden from thine eyes.

This dreadful Prophesie spoken by our Lord,
The stubborn people nought at all regarded,
Whose Adamantal hearts did still accord,
To follow sin, which was with shame rewarded
They flouted him for telling of this story,
And crucifi'd in spight the Lord of Glory.

Re-

Reproachfully they fleered in his Face,
That wept for them in tender true compassion,
They wrought his death and did him all disgrace,
That fought their life, and wail'd their desolation:
Their hardned hearts believ'd not what was said,
Until they saw the siege about them laid.

Full Forty years after Christs passion,
Did these proud people live in peace and rest,
Whose wanton eyes seeing no alteration,
Christs word of truth, they turned to a jest:
But when they thought themselves the surest of all,
Ho then began their never raised fall.

Their mounting minds that towred past their strength,
Scorning subjection to the Roman state,
In boiling hatred loathed their Lords at length,
Despised the Emperour with a deadly hate:
Rejecting his Authority each hour,
Sought to expel the pride of forraign power.

Which foul contempt the Emperours wrath inflam'd,
Mighty *Vespasian* hot revenge did threat,
But all in vain, they would not be reclaimed;
Relying on their strength and courage great:
And hereupon began the deadly jar,
And after followed bloody woful war.

The

The Signs and Tokens shewed before the Destruction, Alluring the Jews to repentance, and their little regard thereof, interpreting all things to be for the best, flattering themselves in their sins.

YEt mark the mercy of our gracious God,
Before the grievous scourge to them was sent,
That they might shun his heavy smarting rod,
And heartily their filthy faults repent:
Strange signs and wonders did he shew them still,
Fore-runners of their ruin, woe, and ill.

For one whole year as well by day as night,
A Blazing-Star appear'd in the Skie,
Whose bushie tail was so excelling bright,
It dim'd the glory of the Suns fair eye:
And every one that on this object gazed,
At sight thereof stood wondrous sore amazed.

In right proportion it resembled well,
A sharp two edged Sword of mighty strength,
The piercing point a needle did excell,
And sure it seem'd a miracle for length:
So strange a Star before was never seen,
And since that time, the like hath never been.

And over right that goodly famous City,
Hung still this dreadful apparition,
Which might have mov'd had they bin gracious witty
For outward follies, inward hearts contrition.
And never did that wonder change his place,
But still *Jerusalem* with woe menace.

The wondring people never lookt thereon,
But their mistrusting heart suspected much,
Saying great plagues would follow thereupon,
Such privy motions did their conscience touch:
But other-some would say it was not so,
But sign that they their foes would overthrow.

Think not quoth they that *Jacobs* God will leave,
The blessed seed of *Abraham* in distress,
First shall his Sword the Heathens lives bereave,
As by this token he doth plainly express:
His Fiery Sword shall shield this Holy Town,
And hew in heaps the proudest *Romans* down.

Thus flattered they themselves in sinful sort,
Their hearts were hard, their deepest judgments blinded;
What godly teachers did to them report
They soon forgot, such things they never minded;
Their chiefest study was delight and pleasure,
And how they might by all means gather treasure.

Men

Men would have thought this warning had been fair,
When God his ſtandard 'gainſt them did advance,
His flag of juſtice waved in the air,
And yet they count it but a thing of chance:
This bad them yield, and from their ſins convert;
But they would not till ſorrow made them ſmart,

Then in the Air God ſhew'd another wonder,
When azur'd skies were brighteſt fair and clear,
An hoaſt of armed men, like dreadful thunder,
With hideous clamours, fighting did appear:
And at each other eagerly they ran,
With burniſht falchions murdring many a man.

And marching fiercely in their proud array,
Their wrathful eyes did ſparkle like the fire,
Or like inraged Lions for their prey,
So did they ſtrive in nature and deſire:
That all the plain wherein they fighting ſtood,
Seem'd to mens ſight all ſtain'd with purple blood.

This dreadful token many men amazed,
When they beheld the uncouth ſight ſo ſtrange;
On one another doubtfully they gazed,
With fearful looks their colour quite did change:
Yet all, they did interpret to the beſt,
Thinking themſelves above all others bleſt.

The conquering sort that did with warlike hand,
Suppress the other in the bloudy field,
Declares, quoth they, that *Judas* sacred band,
Shall make unhallowed *Romans* die, or yield:
And over them we shall have honour great,
That proudly now usurpes King *David's* seat.

See how the Devil doth sinful souls beguil,
Filling the same with vain imagination;
Thinking themselves cock-sure, when all the while
They stand upon the brink of desolation:
All faithful Christians warning take by this,
Interpret not Gods fearful signs amiss.

Yet loethe Lord would not give over so,
But to convert them, if that it might be,
He doth proceed more wonders yet to show:
All to reclaim them from iniquity:
That so he might remove his plagues away,
Which threatned their destruction every day.

The Temple Gates all made of shining Brass,
Whose massie substance was exceeding great,
Which they with Iron Bars each night did cross,
And lockt with Brazon Bolts, which made them
Did of themselves start open and undo, (sweat:
Which twenty men of might could scant put too.

Upon a day most high and festival,
The High Priest went after a sacred manner,
Into the glorious Temple most Majestical,
To offer Sacrifice their God to honour:
What time the Lord a wonder did declare,
To all mens sight, prodigious, strange, and rare.

A good *Calf* prepared for Sacrifice,
And laid upon the Holy Altar there,
Brought forth a *Lamb* most plain before their eyes,
Which filled some mens hearts with sudden fear:
And sore perplext the passions of their mind:
To see a thing so far against all kind.

Soon after this they heard a wailful voice,
Which in the Temple thus did say,
Let us go hence, and no man here rejoyce,
Thus figuring forth their ruin and decay:
All men did hear these speeches very plain,
But saw nothing, nor knew from whence it came.

And four years space before the bloudy fight,
One *Annanias* had a youthful Son,
Which like a Prophet cried day and night,
About the streets as he did go and run:
Shewing the people without dread at all,
Most woful plagues should on the City fall.

And in this sort began his doleful cry:
A fearful voice proceedeth from the East,
And from the West as great a voice did fly,
A voice likewise from blushing winds addrest:
A voice upon *Jerusalem* shall go,
A voice upon the Temple full of woe.

A mournful voice on wretched man and wife,
A voice of sorrow on the people all,
Woe and destruction, mortal war and strife,
Bitter pinching famine, misery and thrall:
In every place these threatnings still he had,
Running about like one distraught and mad.

With lofty voice thus ran he through the Town,
Nor day nor night did he his clamours cease,
No man could make him lay these threatnings down,
By no intreaty would he hold his peace:
Although he was in Dungeon deeply laid,
Yet there his cries did make them more afraid.

The Magistrates that most forbad his cry,
And saw his boldness more and more arise,
With grievous scourges whip him bitterly,
Yet came no tears out of his pleasant eyes:
The more his stripes, the higher went his voice,
In sorest torment did he most rejoyce.

But when the *Jews* perceiv'd how he was bent,
And that their ears were cloyed with his cries,
They counted it but sportful meriment,
A nine days wonder that in short time dies:
So that a fresh their follies they begin,
And for his speech they passed not a pin.

But as the holy Scriptures do bewray,
To dainty cheer they jocondly sate down,
And well refresht, they rose again to play,
In smiling sort, when God did fiercely frown:
And never more to mirth were they disposed,
Than when the Lord his wrath to them disclosed.

The tidings brought of the enemies approach, and the fear of the Cittizens: their provision of victuals for twenty years, burnt in one night, by one of their own Captains, of meer mallice; which caused a sudden dearth to follow: their sedition and divission between themselves while the City was besieged

But whil'st that they their sugred junkets tasted,
Unto the City came a tired post,
Full weak and weary, and with travel wasted,
Who brought them word their foes were on their coast.
Which when they knew, their merriments were dashed
These doleful news made them full sore abashed.

There

Their Cipreſs Tables then to ground they throw,
Their Silver Diſhes, and their Cups of Gold,
For haſte to meet the proud invading foe, (bold:
Fear makes them mad, but courage makes them
And to defend the brunt of future harms,
They leave their Ladies, and imbrace their arms.

Inſtead of Lutes and ſweet reſounding Vials,
They ſound the Trumpet and the ratling Drum,
Their barbed Steeds they put to divers trials,
How they can manage, ſtop, carry, and run:
Their cunning Harpers now muſt harneſs bear,
Their nimble dauncers war-like weapons wear.

But ere their wrathful foes approached near,
The Store-houſes the Governors did fill
With wholſome victuals which for twenty year,
Would ſerve two hundred thouſand, caſt by bill,
But all the ſame by one ſeditious Squire,
Was in one night conſum'd with flaming fire.

For why the Citizens to diſcord fell,
So giddy headed were they alwayes found,
And in their rage like furious fiends of hell,
In murdering ſort they did each other wound:
And when they entred in this devilliſh ſtrife,
They ſpared neither Infant, Man, nor Wife:

Into

Into three parts the people were divided,
And one against another hatred bore,
The chiefest sort seditiously were guided;
Whereby uncivil mutinies vext them sore:
So that the sorrow of the forraign war,
Was nothing to their bloudy civil jar.

And so malicious did their rancor rise,
That they the holy Temple did defile,
All such as come to offer sacrifice,
They murdred straight, remorse they did exile:
The sacrificer with the sacrifice,
Both bath'd in bloud they saw before their eyes.

Thus did they make the sacred Temple there,
The slaughter-house of many a humane soul,
So that the marble pavement every where,
Was black with bloud like to a Butchers bowl:
And with the fat of men so slippery made,
That there from falling none could go unstaid.

And by this wicked means it came to pass,
The Streets and Temple full of dead men lay,
With wounds putrified where burial was,
Which rais'd a grievous pestilence that day:
So hot, and fell, that thereof died a number,
Whose foul infection all the Town did cumber.

And that which was more heavy to behold;
As men and women past along the street,
Their weeping eyes did to their hearts unfold,
A map of murder at their trembling feet:
Some saw their Fathers fetching deadly groans,
Some their Husbands Brains scatter'd on the stones.

Here lay a woman stabbed to the heart,
There a tender Infant on a Souldiers Spear,
Strugling with death, and sprawling with each part;
The channels ran with purple blood each where:
A thousand persons might you daily see,
Some gasping, groaning, bleeding fresh to be.

Lo, all this mischief was within the Town,
Wrought 'twixt themselves in wondrous hateful sort,
While Noble *Titus* beat their bulwarks down,
And at their Walls did shew them warlike sport:
But by distress to bring them unto thrall,
He brake their Pipes, and stopt their Conduits all.

A Description of the horrible Famine in the City of *Jerusalem.*

FOr true report rung in his Royal Ears,
That bitter Famine did afflict them sore,
Which was the cause of many bitter tears,
And he to make their misery the more,
Depriv'd them quite of all their water clear,
Which in their want they did esteem so dear.

Alack, what Pen is able to express,
The extream misery of this people then:
Which were with Famine brought to great distress,
For cruel hunger vext the wealthiest men:
When night approacht, well might they lie and wink,
But could not sleep for want of meat and drink.

For by this time full fourteen moneths and more,
Had warlike *Titus*, sieg'd that famous Town,
What time the *Jews* had quite consum'd their store,
And being starv'd, like Ghosts went up and down,
For in the Markets were victuals found;
Though for a *Lamb* they might have twenty pound.

When bread was gone, then he was counted bleſt,
That in his hand had either Cat or Dog,
To fill his empty maw: and thus diſtreſt,
A dozen men would fight for one poor frog:
The faireſt Lady fighting on a Mouſe,
Would keep it from her beſt friend in the Houſe.

A Weazel was accounted dainty meat,
A Hiſſing Snake eſteem'd a Princes Diſh,
A Queen upon a Moul might ſeem to eat,
A venom Newt was thought a wholſome Fiſh:
Worms from the earth, were dig'd up great and ſmall,
And poiſoned Spiders eaten from the Wall.

A hundred men under this grievous croſs,
With hunger ſtarv'd bodies wanting food,
Have for a morſel of a ſtinking Horſe,
In deadly ſtrife ſhed one anothers bloud:
Like famiſht Ravens, that in a ſhole do pitch,
To ſeize a Carrion in a noiſom ditch,

But when theſe things, were all conſumed quite,
(For Famines greedy maw deſtroyeth all)
Then did they bend their ſtudy day and night,
To ſee what next unto their ſhare might fall:
Neceſſity doth ſeek an hundred ways,
Famines fell torment from the heart to raiſe.

Then

Then did they take their Horses Leather Reins,
And broiling them supposed them, wondrous sweet:
A hungry stomach naught at all refrains,
Nor did they spare their shoes upon their feet:
But shoes and boots, and buskins, all they eat,
And would not spare one morsel of their meat.

But out alas, my heart doth shake to show,
When these things fail'd, what shift these wretches made
Without salt tears how shall I write their woe,
Sith sorrows ground-work in the same is laid:
All English hearts which Christ in arms do hem,
Mark well the woes of fair *Jerusalem.*

When all was spent, and nothing left to eat,
Whereby they might maintain their feeble life,
Then doth the Wife her Husband dear intreat,
To end her misery by his wounding knife,
Maids weep for food and Children make their moan,
Their Parents sigh when they can give them none.

Some men with hunger falleth raging mad,
Gnawing the stones and timber where they walk,
Some others staggering and wondrous sad,
Dies in the streets as with their friends they talk;
And other some licks up the vomit fast,
Which their sick neighbours in their houses cast.

Nay more than this, though this be all too much,
Josephus writes that men and maidens young,
The which of late did scorn brown bread to touch,
Sustain'd themselves with one anothers dung.
Remember this, you that so dainty be,
And praise Gods name for all things sent to thee.

All things were brought by Famine out of frame,
For modest Chastity so it gave place,
High honoured Virgins that for very shame,
Would hardly look on men with open face,
One bit of bread never so course and brown,
Would win them to the foulest knave in Town.

¶ The seditious Captains *Schimion* and *Jebocanan* search *all the houses in the City for victuals, they take from a Noble* Lady *all her provision, leaving her and her* Son *comfortless, shewing the great mone she made.*

THe curst seditious Captains and their crue,
When they perceiv'd the famine grow so great,
In all mens houses would they search and view,
In every corner both for bread and meat:
If any did their bold request deny,
On murdring swords they were right sure to die.

Among

Among the rest where they a searching went,
Unto a gallant Ladies house they came,
And there before her victuals quite was spent,
With hardned hearts, and faces void of shame,
They took her store with many a bitter threat,
And left her not one bit of bread to eat.

The Noble Lady on her tender knees,
With floods of tears distilling from her eyes:
Their cruelty when she so plainly sees,
In mournful sort unto them thus she cries,
Upon a woful Lady take some pity,
And let not Famine slay me in this City.

Of all the store which you have took away,
Leave one brown loaf, for my Child and me,
That we may eat but one bit in a day,
To save our lives from extream misery.
Thus holding up her Lilly hand she cried,
The more she crav'd the more she was denied.

If you, quoth she, cannot afford me bread,
One dried stock-fish do on me bestow,
For my poor Infants life I greatly dread,
If thus distrest you leave me when you go:
Brave men of might shew pity for his sake,
And I thereof a thousand meals will make.

O call to minde my Child is nobly born,
Of honourable bloud and high degree,
Then leave us not brave Captains thus forlorn,
Your countries friend one day this Child may be:
O let me not this gentle favour miss,
I may one day requite far more than this.

Then answered they in harsh and churlish sort,
But tell us not of honourable state;
And if thou wilt we'll cut thy Infants throat,
So shall he need no meat, then cease to prate:
Men must have meat, let Children die and starve,
If we want food, in vain how can we serve.

With bended brows they strove to get away,
But she upon her knees did follow fast,
And taking hold on their confus'd array,
This sad complaint from her heart-palace past:
Renowned Lords our Cities sure defence,
O let me speak once more ere you go hence.

If you lack money, see I have good store,
Wherein great *Cæsars* Image is portraid,
Therefore of gift, I will demand no more,
To buy me food, let me not be denyd,
For five red herings, ten Crowns shall you have,
I'll pay it down with vantage if you crave.

That

That damned Coyn (quoth they) we do deteſt,
And there withal thy ſelf, which all this while
Haſt kept our foes foul Picture in the Cheſt,
Which ſeeks this Holy City to defile:
Thou get'ſt no food, and therefore hold thy Tongue,
Hang, ſtarve, and die, thou canſt not die more young.

O pardon yet (quoth ſhe) my earneſt ſpeech,
Do not my words to poiſon ſo convert;
Take here my Chain, I humbly do beſeech,
Of Pearl and Diamonds for one ſilly Sprat:
One Sprat (ſweet men) caſt but upon the ground,
For this fair Chain, which coſt a thouſand pound.

Talk not to us, quoth they, of Jems and Chains,
Of Diamonds, Pearls, or precious Rings of Gold,
One Sprat to us is ſweeter gotten gains,
Than ſo much Silver as this Houſe can hold:
Gold is but droſs where hunger is ſo great,
Hard hap hath he that hath but Gold to eat.

With that the teſty Souldiers get them out,
Proud of the purchaſt prey which they had got,
The woful Lady did they mock and flout,
Her plaints and tears regarded not a jot:
She ſighs, they ſmile, ſhe mourns, and they rejoyce,
And of their prey they make an equal choice.

But Megat famine covetous of all,
Envy those that should thereof have part,
In sharing out their purchase bred a brawl,
Wherein one stab'd the other to the heart.
This fellow said the other did deceive him,
He swore again enough they did not leave him.

Lo thus about the Victuals they did fight,
Look who was strongest bore away the prize,
And for a crust of bread in dead of night,
They cut their Fathers Throats in woful wise:
The Mother would her Childrens victuals snatch,
And from his Wife the Husband he did catch.

¶ How the noble *Lady* and her young *Son* went to *look out the dung of Beasts to eat, being ready to die with hunger, and could find none: shewing what moan they made, coming home without.*

BUt now of *Miriams* sorrow will I speak,
Whom the seditious Souldiers so distress,
Her noble Heart with grief was like to break,
With gnawing hunger was she sore oppress:
No kind of food had she, then to relieve her,
Nor for her Child, which most of all did grieve her.

Alas

Alas, quoth she, that ever I was born,
To see these gloomy days of grief and care,
Whom this false world hath made an open scorn,
Fraught full of misery passing all compare:
Blest had I been if in the painful birth,
I had receiv'd sweet sentence of my death.

Why hath the partial Heavens prolong'd my life,
Above a number of my dearest friends,
Whose blessed souls did never see the strife;
How happy were they in their haypy ends?
Great God of *Abraham* hear my mournful cry,
Soon rid my life, or end this misery.

With that her little Son with eager look,
Unto his woful Mother crying came,
His pretty hands fast hold upon her took,
Whose presence brought her praying out of frame:
And to his Mother thus the Child did say;
Give me some meat, that eat nothing to day.

I am (dear mother) hungry at the heart,
And scalding thirst makes me I cannot speak;
I feel my strength decay in every part,
One bit of bread for me good Mother break,
My Lesson I have learn'd where you did say it,
Then give me some-what; you shall hear me say it.

The ſighing Lady looking quite aſide,
With many ſobs ſent from her woful ſoul,
Wrung both her hands, but not one word replide;
Sighs ſtopt her tongue, tears did her tongue controul,
Sweet Lady Mother, Mother ſpeak (quoth he)
O let me not with hunger murdred be.

Dear Child ſhe ſaid, what wouldſt thou have of me,
Art thou a thirſt, then come and drink my tears;
For other ſuccour have I none for thee:
The time hath been, I could have given thee Pears,
Roſe coloured Apples, Cherries for my Child,
But now alas, of all we are beguild.

But come, quoth ſhe, give me thy little finger,
And thou and I will to the back yard go,
And there ſeek out a Cow-cake for thy dinner,
How ſay'ſt thou Son, art thou contented ſo?
The joyful Child did hereat give a ſmile,
When both his Eyes with Water ran the while.

Then up and down with weary ſearching eye,
In every place for Beaſts dung doth ſhe ſeek,
As if a long loſt Jewel there did lie,
Cloſe hidden in ſome narrow chink or creek,
When ſhe had lookt and naught at all had found,
Then down ſhe coucheth on the ſluttiſh ground.

And with her fair fingers fine and ſmall,
She ſcrapes away the duſt and draffe together,
And ſo doth ſearch throughout the Oxes ſtall,
For Dung or Hoofs or ſome old piece of Leather
But when in vain her pains ſhe did beſtow,
She paid her heart the intereſt of her woe.

And lifting up with ſorrow her bright eyes,
She call'd her little Son to come away,
Who ſought as faſt for Spiders, Worms and Flies,
As ſhe for Ordure mongſt the mouldy Hay:
O ſtay a while good Mother, did he cry;
For here even now I did a Maggot ſpie.

At which ſweet ſight my teeth did water yet,
Even as you call'd ſhe fell here in the duſt,
An hour were well ſpent this prize to get;
To let her ſlip I think I was accurſt:
My hungry ſtomach, well it would have ſtaid,
And I have loſt her I am ſore afraid,

I, I, my Son, it may be ſo (quoth ſhe)
Then come away, let us together die,
Our luckleſs ſtars alots it ſo to be:
Peace my ſweet boy, alack why doſt thou cry,
Had I found any thing, thou ſhould'ſt have ſeen;
That therewithal we would have merry been.

Then be thou ſtill (my ſon) and weep no more,
For with thy tears thou kill'ſt my wounded heart;
Thy need is great, my hunger is as ſore,
Which grieves my ſoul and pinches every part:
Yet hope of help, alack I know not any,
Without, within, our foes they are ſo many.

Dear Mother hear me one word and no moe:
See here my foot ſo ſlender in your ſight:
Give me but leave to eat my little toe,
No better ſupper will I ask too night;
Or elſe my thumb, a morſel ſmall you ſee,
And theſe two joynts, methinks may ſpared be.

My Son (quoth ſhe) great are thy cares God wot,
To have thy hungry ſtomach fill'd with food,
Yet albeit we have ſo hard a lot,
Diſmember not thy ſelf for any good:
No brutiſh Beaſt will do ſo foul a deed,
Then do not thou 'gainſt Nature ſo proceed.

But O my Son, what ſhall I do, quoth ſhe,
My grief of hunger is as great as thine,
And ſure no hope of comfort do I ſee,
But we muſt yield our ſelves to ſtarve and pine:
The wrath of God doth ſiege the City round,
And we within fell famine doth confound.

VOX JERUSALEM

The Sword without intends our desolation,
Consuming Pestilence destroyeth here within,
Civil dissension breeds our hearts vexation,
The angry Heavens the same hath sent for sin,
Murthers and ruin through our streets do run,
Then how can I feed thee my loving Son.

If pale fac't Famine take away my life,
Why then with whom should I trust thee my Son,
For her's no love but hate and deadly strife;
Woe is that Child, whose Parents dayes are done,
On thee sweet Boy no person would take pity,
For mild compassion hath forsook the City.

Once I retain'd this joyful hope of thee,
When ripened years brought thee to mans estate,
That thou shouldst be a comfort unto me,
Feeding my age, when youthful strength did bate,
And have my meat, my drink, and cloth of thee:
Fit for a *Lady* of so high degree.

And when the span-length of my life was done,
That God and Nature claim'd of me their due;
My hope was then that thou my loving Son,
In Marble-stone my memory should renew,
And bring my Corps with honour to the grave,
The latest duty Men of Children crave.

But

But now I see (my sweet and bonny Boy)
This hope is fruitless, and these thoughts are vain;
I see grim Death hath seiz'd my earthly joy,
For Famines dart hath thee already slain:
Thy hollow eyes and wrinkled cheeks declare,
Thou art not markt to be thy Fathers heir.

Look on thy legs, see all the flesh is gone,
Thy jolly thighs are fallen quite away;
Thy arms and hands, nothing but skin and bone,
How weak thy heart is, thou thy self canst say:
I have no food to strengthen thee (my Child)
And here thy burial would be too too vild.

Wherefore my Son, lest ugly Ravens and Crows,
Should eat thy Carcass in the stinking streets,
Thereby to be a scorn unto our foes,
And gaul to me, that gave thee many sweets:
I have prepared this my unspotted Womb,
To be for thee an honourable Tomb.

Then sith thou canst not live to be a man,
What time thou might'st have fed thy aged Mother,
Therefore my Child it lies thee now upon,
To be my food, because I have no other:
With my own blood, long time I nourisht thee,
Then with thy flesh, thou oughtest to cherish me.

Within

Within this Womb thou first receivedst breath,
Then give thy Mother that which she gave thee,
Here hadst thou life, then lie here after death,
Sith thou hast been so well belov'd of me.
In spight of foes be thou my daily food,
And save my Life that can do thee no good.

In blessed *Eden* shall thy soul remain,
While that my Belly is thy Bodies Grave,
There is no taste of famine, woe, or pain,
But joyes eternal more than heart can crave:
Then who would wish, in sorrow to persever,
That by his Death might live in Heaven for ever.

The *Lady* with hunger is constrained to kill her best *beloved and only Son, and eat him, when he is Boyled and Roasted.*

WHen this was said, her feeble Child she took,
And with a Sword which she had lying by,
She thrust him through, turning away her look,
That her wat eyes might not behold him die:
And when sweet life was from his Body fled,
A thousand times she kiss him being dead.

His milk white Body stain'd with purple blood,
She cleans'd and washt with silver dropping tears,
Which being done, she wip'd it as she stood,
With nothing else but her fair golden hairs:
And when she saw his little limbs were cold,
She cut him up, for hunger made her bold.

In many pieces then she did divide him,
Some part she sod, some other part she rosted,
From neighbours sight she made great shift to hide him,
And of her cheer in heart she greatly boasted:
Ere it was ready she began to eat,
And from the spit pluckt many bits of meat.

The smell of the meat is felt round about: the seditious Captains thereupon came to the Lady, and threatened to kill her for Meat. Whereupon the Lady sets part before them.

The scent thereof was straight smelt round about,
The neighbours then out of their houses ran,
Saying we smell veal meat out of all doubt,
Which was great wonder unto every man:
And every one like to a longing wife,
In that good cheer did wish his sharpest knife.

This news so swift in each mans mouth did flie,
The proud seditious heard thereof at last,
Who with all speed unto the house did hie,
And at the doors and windows knocked fast:
And with wild words and speeches rough and great,
They askt the Lady where she had that meat.

Thou wicked woman how comes this, quoth they,
That thou alone has roast-meat in the Town?
While we with griping famine die each day,
Which are your Lords and Leaders of Renown:
For this contempt we think it right and reason,
Thou shouldst be punisht as in case of Treason.

The lovely Lady trembling at this speech,
Fearing their bloudy hands and cruel actions,
With many gentle words did them beseech,
They would not enter into further factions:
But listen to her words and she would tell,
the certain truth how every thing befell.

Be not, she said, at your poor hand-maid grieved,
I have not eaten all in this hard case,
But that your selves might something be relieved,
I have kept part to give you in this place:
Then sit you down, right welcome shall you be,
And what I have, your selves shall taste and see.

With diligence the table then she laid,
And Silver Trenchers on the board she set,
A Golden Salt that many ounces waid,
And Damask Napkins, dainty, fine, and neat:
Her Guests were glad to see this preparation,
And at the Board they sate with contentation.

In massie Silver Platters brought she forth,
Her own Sons flesh whom she did love so dear,
Saying my Masters take this well in worth,
I pray be merry: look for no other chear:
See here my Child's white hand, most finely dreſt,
And here his foot, eat where it likes you best.

And do not say this Child was any others,
But my own Son, whom you so well did know;
Which may seem strange, unto all tender Mothers,
My own Childs flesh I should devour so:
Him did I bear, and carefully did feed,
And now his flesh sustains me in my need.

Yet albeit this sweet relieving Feast,
Hath deareſt been to me that ere I made,
Yet niggardize I do so much deteſt,
I thought it shame, but there should some be laid
In store for you, although the store be small,
For they are gluttons which consumeth all.

Herewith she burst into a flood of tears,
Which down her thin pale cheeks distilled fast,
Her bleeding heart, no sobs nor sighs forbears,
Till her weak voice breath'd out these words at last:
O my dear Son, my pretty Boy (quoth she)
While thou did'st live, how sweet wast thou to me.

Yet sweeter far, a thousand times thou art,
To thy poor Mother at this instant hour;
My hungry Stomach has thou eas'd of smart,
And kept me from the bloudy Tyrants power;
And they like friends do at my Table eat,
That would have kill'd me for a bit of Meat,

When this was said, wiping her watry eyes,
Unto her self, fresh courage then she took,
And all her Guests she welcom'd in this wise,
Casting on them a courteous pleasant look;
Be merry friends, I pray you do not spare,
In all this Town is not such noble fare.

The Captains and their company were ſo amazed at *ſight of the Childs limbs being by his Mother ſet upon the Table in Platters, that wondring there at, they would not eat a bit; for the which the Lady reproved them.*

THe Men amazed at this uncouth ſight,
One to another caſt a ſtedfaſt eye, (ſpight,
Their hard remorſeleſs hearts full fraught with
Were herewithal appalled ſuddenly:
And though their extream hunger was ſo great,
Like ſenſeleſs men they ſate and would not eat.

Oh why, quoth ſhe, do you refrain this food,
I brought it forth unto you for good will,
Then ſcorn it not (dear friends) for it is good,
And I even now thereof did eat my fill:
Taſte it therefore, and I dare ſwear you'll ſay,
You eat no meat more ſweeter many a day.

Hard hearted Woman, cruel and unkind,
Canſt thou (quoth they) ſo frankly feed of this,
A thing more hateful did we never finde;
Then keep it for thy tooth, lo there it is:
Moſt vile and odious is it in our eye,
Then feed on mans fleſh rather would we die.

Alack, quoth she, doth foolish pity move ye,
Weaker than Womans is your hearts become;
I pray fall too, and if that you do love me,
Eat where you will, and I'll with you eat some:
What greater shame to Captains can befall,
Than I in courage should surpass you all.

Why, was't not you that did with many a threat,
Charge me with eager looks to lay the Cloth;
And as I lov'd my life to bring you meat,
And now to eat it do you seem so loath:
More fit I should then you herewith be moved,
Since 'was his flesh whom I so dearly loved.

It was my Son and not yours that is slain,
Whose roasted limbs lies here within the platter,
Then more than you I ought his flesh refrain,
And ten times more be grieved at this matter:
How chance you are more merciful than I,
To spare his flesh, while you for hunger die?

Yet blame not me for this outragious deed,
For was't not you that first did spoil my house?
And rob me of my food in my great need;
Leaving not behind a rat or silly mouse:
Then you alone are authors of this feast,
What need you then this action so detest?

The ſtarved *Jews* hearing this doleful tale,
Were at the matter ſmitten in ſuch ſadneſs,
That man by man with Visage wan and pale,
Dropt out of doors, acculing her of madneſs,
And noteing well, their famine, war, and ſtrife,
Wiſh rather death, then length of mortal life.

And hereupon much people of the City,
Fled to the *Romans* ſecret in the night,
Upon their knees deſiring them for pity,
To ſave their lives, that were in woful plight;
And finding mercy, told when that was done,
How famine fore't a *Lady* eat her *Son*.

Titus the Roman General wept at the report of the *Famine in* Jeruſalem, *eſpecially when he heard of the* Mother *that did eat her* Child.

THe *Roman* General hearing of the ſame,
Titus I mean *Veſpaſian*'s famous Son,
So griev'd thereat, that grief did tears conſtrain,
Which down his manly cheeks did ſtreaming run,
And holding up to Heaven his hands and eyes,
To this effect, unto the Lord he cries:

Thou

Thou mighty *God*, which guids this mortal round,
That all hearts ſecret ſees and knows my heart,
Witneſs thou canſt, I came not to confound,
This goodly City, or to work their ſmart:
I was not Author of their Bloudy jars,
But offered Peace, when they embraced Wars.

Theſe eighteen moneths, that I with warlike force
Beſieged their City, (Lord thou knoweſt it well)
My heart was full of mercy and remorſe,
And they alwayes did ſtubbornly rebel:
Therefore good Lord, with their moſt hateful rage,
And wondrous deeds, do not my conſcience charge.

My eyes do ſee, my heart doth likewiſe pity,
The great calamity that they are in,
Yet Lord, except thou wilt yield me the City,
I'll raiſe my power and not behold more ſin:
For they with Famine are become ſo wild,
That hunger made a Woman eat her Child.

When Nobe *Titus* thus had made his moan.
All thoſe that from *Jeruſalem* did flie,
He did receive to mercy every One,
And nouriſht famiſht men at point to die;
But cruel *Schimion*, that ſeditious Jew,
And proud *Jehocanan*, more miſchief ſtill did brew.

For albeit brave *Titus* by his power,
And warlike Engines brought unto that place,
Had laid their ſtrong walls flat upon the floor,
And done their City wonderful diſgrace:
Yet ſtubbornly they did reſiſt him ſtill,
Such place they gave to their ſeditious will.

Titus overthrowing the Walls of *Jeruſalem*, enters *the* City *and* Temple, *with his power burning down the Silver Gate thereof, which led the way to the* Sanctum Sanctorum: *and ſetteth Souldiers to keep it from further hurt.*

ABout that time with wondrous diligence,
They rais'd a Wall in ſecret of the night,
Which then was found their Cities beſt defence,
For to withſtand the conquering *Romans* might:
Which once rac't, the City needs muſt yield,
And *Jews* give place to *Romans* ſword and ſhield.

Renowned *Titus* well perceiving this,
To his beſt proved Captains, gave a charge,
That new rais'd Wall, the *Jews* ſuppoſed bliſs,
Should ſcattered be, with breaches wide and large:
And hereupon the Troops together met,
And to the Walls their battering Engines ſet.

The

The fear of this made many a *Jewish* Lord,
That joyn'd themselves with the seditious train,
To steal away, and all with one accord,
At *Titus* feet, sought mercy to obtain:
Whose mild submission, he accepted then,
And gave them honour 'mongst his noble men.

By this the mellow wall was broke and scaled,
With fierce alarmes, the holy Town was entred,
Romans took courage, but the *Jews* hearts fail'd,
Thousands lost their lives which for honour ventred:
Schimion, *Jehochanan*, all did flie for fear,
Jews mourn'd, and *Romans* triumpht every where,

The *Temple* fair, Gods Holy Habitation,
The Worlds *non Parallel*, the Heathens Wonder,
Their Cities glory, their Joys preservation,
To the *Romans* power must now come under:
There many *Israelites* for lives defence,
Had lockt themselves, and would not come from thence.

That famous City being thus subdued,
The *Romans* heads with gladsome bayes were crown'd,
For blissful Victory on their side ensued,
While on the *Jews* the Worlds Creator frown'd:
The Captains of the soul seditious rout,
To hide their heads did seek odd corners out.

The *Romans* resting in triumphant ſtate,
Unto the holy Temple turn'd their courſe,
And finding ſhut the Silver ſhining Gate,
They fired it retaining no remorſe;
And when the fires flame did ſore abound,
The melting Silver ſtream'd along the ground.

Their Timber Work into pale aſhes turning,
Down dropt the goodly Gate upon the floor,
What time the wrathful *Romans* went in running,
Shouting and crying with a mighty power:
The glory of which place their bright ſight drew,
To take thereof a wondring greedy view.

Yet did that place but onely lead the way,
Unto the Holieſt Place, where once a year,
The High-Prieſt went unto the Lord to pray,
The figure of whoſe glory did appear:
Sanctum Sanctorum, ſo that place was called,
Which *Titus* wondring mind the moſt appalled.

Which Holy holieſt Place when *Titus* ſaw,
Having a view but of the outward part,
So glorious was it, that the ſight did draw,
A wondrous reverence in his ſoul and heart:
And with all meekneſs on his Princely knees,
He honours there the Majeſty he ſees,

This

This place was cloſed in with Golden Gates,
So beautiful and ſuper-excellent,
That Princely *Titus* and the *Roman* States,
Said, Sure this is Gods Houſe Omnipotent:
And therefore *Titus* who did love and fear it,
Commanded ſtraitly no man ſhould come near it.
And through his Camp he made a Proclamation,

That whoſoevér did come near the ſame,
He ſhould be hanged up without compaſſion,
Without reſpect of birth, deſert, or fame:
And more, a band of men he there ordained,
To keep the Temple not to be prophaned.

The ſeditious ſet upon the *Roman* guard that kept the *Temple, and ſuddenly ſlew them: whereupon the* Roman *Souldiers ſet fire on the Golden Gate of* Sanctum Sanctorum, *and ſpoiled the Holy place with Fire.* Titus *ſought to quench it but could not, for which he made great lamentation.*

WHile quiet thus the *Roman* Prince did lie,
Without miſtruſt of an bloudy broil,
Proclaiming pardon, life and liberty,
To every yielding ſoul in that fair ſoil:
A crew of traitrous *Jews*, of baſe condition,
Aſſail'd the *Roman* guard without ſuſpition.

All *Titus* gallant Souldiers which he ſet,
So carefully the Temple Gates to keep,
Upon a ſudden they againſt them get,
In dead of night when moſt were faln aſleep;
And there without all ſtay or further words,
Each Man they murthered on their drawn Swords.

Not one eſcap'd their bloody Butchering Hands,
Which Noble *Titus* hearing grieved ſore,
And thereon rais'd his beſt prepared bands,
Slaying thoſe *Jews* and many hundreds more,
And with ſuch fury he purſu'd them ſtill,
That who eſcap'd, fled up to *Sion* hill.

But yet the *Romans* full of hot revenge,
For this vile deed by wicked *Jews* committed,
Troopt to the Temple with a mighty ſwing;
And having all things for their purpoſe fitted,
Did in in theirrage ſet on the Fires flame,
Thoſe goodly Golden Gates of greateſt fame.

And as the flaming gather'd ſtrength,
Great ſpoil was practis'd by the *Roman* rout,
The melting Gold that ſtreamed down at length,
Did gild the Marble Pavement round about,
The Gates thus burned with a hideous din,
Sanctum Sanctorum Romans entred in.

Who

Who having hereby won their hearts desire,
With mighty shouts they shewed signs of joy,
While the Holy place burnt with flaming fire,
Which did Earths Heavenly Paradice destroy;
This woful sight when *Titus* once did see,
He sought to quench it, but it could not be.

For many wicked hands had busie been,
To work that Holy House all foul disgraces,
Which *Titus* would have sav'd, as well was seen,
But it was fired in so many places:
That by no means the spoil he could prevent,
Which thing he did most grievously lament.

He ran about and cri'd with might and main,
O stay your hands and save this House I charge ye,
Fetch water up and quench this fire again,
Or you shall smart before I do enlarge ye:
Thus some he threatned, many he entreated,
Till he was hoarse with what he had repeated.

But when his voice was gone with crying out,
He drew his Sword and slew the disobedient,
Till faint and weary running round about,
He sate him down as 'twas expedient:
And there 'twixt wrath and sorrow he bewailed,
With froward Souldiers he no more prevailed.

The

The Prieſts and *Jews*, that erſt themſelves had hidden
Within the compaſs of that Holy Ground,
Againſt the *Romans* fought and had abidden,
For to defend it many a bleeding Wound:
But when they ſaw there was no way to flie,
They leapt into the Fire, and there did die.

So long they fought, until the parching fire,
Did burn their cloaths from off their ſweating backs;
The more they fought, the more was their deſire,
For to revenge the *Temples* woful wracks:
They laid about ſo long as they could ſtand,
Or move a Leg, or lift a feeble Hand.

And all this while did Noble *Titus* mourn,
To ſee *Sanctorum* ſpoiled in ſuch ſort;
Laid on the ground there did he toſs and turn,
And ſmote all ſuch as did to him report,
The woful ruin of that holy place,
And from his ſight, with frowns he did them chaſe.

Titus with great reverence, entred into the *Sanctum Sanctorum, and greatly wondred at the beauty thereof, affirming it to be the House of the God of Heaven.*

THe cruel fire having wrought her worſt,
When that at length the fury thereof ceaſt,
Titus aroſe all open and untruſt,
Of many tears unburdened and releaſt:
With Head uncovered, mild and reverently,
Into *Sanctorum* humbly entred he.

And ſeeing the glory and magnificence,
The wondrous beauty of that ſacred place,
Which there appeared, for all the vehemence,
The flaming fire made ſo long a ſpace:
Titus did ſtand amazed at the ſight,
When he conſidered every thing aright,

And thereupon into this ſpeech he broke,
How came I into this Paradice of pleaſure,
This Place Celeſtial may all ſouls provoke,
To ſcorn the World, and ſeek no other treaſure:
Do I from earth aſcend by Elevation?
Or ſee I Heaven by Divine Revelation?

Undoubtedly the mighty God dwelt here,
This was no mortal Creatures habitation,
For Earthly Monarchs, it was all too dear,
Fit for none, but him, who is our Souls Salvation:
Oh Earthly Heaven, or Heavenly Saints Receiver,
Thy sweet Remembrance shall I keep for ever.

Now well I wot, no marvel 'twas indeed,
The *Jews* so stoutly stood in defence of this,
Or who would blame them, when they did proceed,
By all devices to preserve this Bliss:
Since first I saw the Sun, I never knew,
What Heavens Joy meant, till I this place did view.

Nor did the *Gentiles* without special cause,
From farthest parts both of the East and West,
Send heaps of Gold by straight command of lawes,
This sacred place with Glory to invest:
For rich and wondrous is the Holy Seat,
And in Mans Eye the Majesty is great.

Far doth it pass the *Roman* Temples all,
Yea all the Temples of the World likewise,
They seem to this like to an Asses Stall,
Or like a Stie, where Swine still grunting lies:
Great God of Heaven, God of this Glorious Place,
Plague thou their Souls that did thy House deface.

Titus thus wearied, gazing up and down,
Yet not satisfied, with the Temples sight,
Departed thence to lodge within the Town,
Things out of frame to set in order right:
Where while he staid, the stubborn hearted *Jews*,
Did there most wicked Actions daily use.

For when they saw that fire had so spoiled,
Sanctum Sanctorum in such pitious sort,
Their devillish hearts that still with mischief broiled,
The Treasure Houses all, they burnt in sport,
And precious *Jewels*, wheresoever they stood,
With all things else that should do *Romans* good.

The rest of the Temple likewise did they burn,
In desperate manner, without all regard,
Which being wrought, away they did return,
But many 'scap'd not without just reward:
The *Roman* Souldiers, quickly quencht the Fire,
And in the Temple wrought their hearts desire.

Where they set up their Heathen Idols all,
Their senseless Images, of Wood and Stone,
And at their feet, all prostrate did they fall,
There offering sacrifice to them alone:
In plain derision of the conquered sort,
Of whom the *Romans* made a mocking sport.

THE DESTRUCTION

A falſe Prophet aroſe among the *Jews*, telling them *that the Temple ſhould again be builded by it ſelf, without the help of mans hand, willing therefore to deſtroy the* Romans, *which they going about to do, brought further ſorrow upon themſelves.*

A Falſe and lying Prophet then aroſe,
Among the *Jews*, at fair *Jeruſalem*,
Which then an abſurd fancy did diſcloſe,
Among them all, who thus encourag'd them:
Moſt valiant *Jews*, play you the men and fight,
And God will ſhew a wonder in your ſight.

Againſt the curſed *Roman* turn again,
And beat the boaſting Heathen to the ground,
For God will ſhew unto your ſights moſt plain,
His mighty power; if you do them confound.
The Temple by it ſelf ſhall builded be,
Without mans hand or help, moſt gloriouſly.

That *Jacobs* God, thereby may ſhew his power,
To thoſe proud *Romans*; which do glory ſo
In their own ſtrength: triumphing every hour,
In this our ſpoil, and woful overthrow:
Then fight, O *Jews*, the *Temple* ſanz delay,
Shall by it ſelf, be builded up this day.

The

The wild seditious believing of this lie,
Did set a fresh upon the *Romans* band,
In such fierce sort that many men did die,
But yet the *Romans* got the upper hand:
Who in new wakened wrath that then did sleep,
Slew down the *Jews* like to a sort of Sheep.

Schimion and *Jehocanan* come to seek peace with *Titus*, *but refuse to be in subjection to the* Romans, *whereupon* Titus *will shew them no favour*, *but presently assailed them with his power*; *whereupon* Schimion *and* Jehocanan *are followed by some*, *and some forsake them*, *leaving them in distress*; *who thereupon hid themselves in Caves*.

THen came false *Schimion* and *Jehocanan*,
Chief Captains to the seditious train,
With many followers, weaponed every man,
Requiring peace, if peace they could obtain:
To whom Prince *Titus* with his chiefest state,
Did thus reply: You seek this thing to late.

How

How comes it now that you entreat for life,
After ſo many miſchiefs by you wrought,
When you have ſlain and murthered Man and Wife,
And thouſand thouſands, to deſtruction brought:
Who then as faint as ever he could ſtand,
Came to ſubmit himſelf to *Titus* hand.

How oft have I entreated you to peace,
And offered mercy, without all deſert,
When you refuſing it did ſtill increaſe,
Your traiterous dealings your chiefeſt ſmart:
It pitied me to ſee your woful caſe,
With you innumerable men dead in each place.

How can I pardon theſe outragious acts,
Your Mans murthers and falſe ſedition,
With divers others abominable facts;
For which I ſee in you no hearts contrition:
You ſeek for peace, yet armed do you ſtand,
You crave for pardon with your Swords in hand.

Firſt lay aſide your Sword and Weapons all,
And in ſubmiſſive manner ask for grace,
So ſhall you ſee what favour may befall,
Perhaps I may take pity on your caſe:
And graciouſly with all your faults ſuſpence,
And give you pardon, ere you part from hence,

With

With bended brows proud *Schimion* then did look,
On gentle *Titus*, *Jehoanan* likewise,
In scornful manner all his speeches took,
And both of them disdainfully replies:
By Heavens great God, we have both sworn quoth they
To make no servile peace with thee to day.

For never shall earths misery provoke
Our undaunted hearts to stoop unto thy will,
Or bend our Necks unto the *Roman* yoke
While vital breath our inward parts doth fill:
Then unto us this favour do express,
To let us part and live in wilderness.

At this contempt was *Titus* greatly moved,
And doth your Pride continue, yet quoth he?
Will not your Impudence be yet reproved?
Nor yet your stubborn hearts yet humbled be?
And dare you say that you will swear and vow,
That to the *Roman* yoke you will not bow?

At this his wrath was wondrous sore inflamed,
Who hereupon gave straight commandment,
By strength of Sword to have those Rebels tamed,
On whom the *Romans* set incontinent:
Who chac'd the *Jews* and scattered them so sore,
That they were found to gather head no more.

A

For

For secretly the *Jews* from *Schimion* fled,
By some and some, they all forsook him quite,
With false *Jehocanan*, which so misled,
And forc't them against themselves to murdrous fight.
Who leaving them, to Noble *Titus* came,
Desiring grace, who granted them the same.

Jehocanan and *Schimion*, seeing this,
They were forsaken, and left post alone,
In their distress lamented their amiss,
Close hid in Caves, they lay and made their moan:
Where they remained perplext with famine great,
Till they were ready their own flesh to eat.

Jehocanan inforced by hunger, comes out of his Cave, and submits himself to Titus, who caused him to be hanged.

AT length out of a deep dark hollow Cave,
With bitter hunger, *Jehocana* was driven,
Like to a Ghost new risen from his Grave,
Or like Anatomy of all flesh beriven:
Who then as faint as ever he could stand,
Came to submit himself to *Titus* hand.

Into his Princely preſence when he came,
With all ſubmiſſion fell he at his feet,
Saying, O King of moſt renowned fame,
Here am I come as it is right and meet:
To yield my ſelf into thy Princely hand,
Whoſe life doth reſt, upon thy great command.

My diſobedience do I ſore repent,
That ever I refus'd thy offered grace,
Bewailing my lewd life, ſo badly bent,
And my foul Actions, 'gainſt this Holy Place,
Yet with thy mercy ſhaddow my amiſs,
And let me taſte what thy compaſſion is.

Not from my ſelf, did all my ſin proceed,
Though I confeſs my faults were too too many,
But was provokt to many a bloody deed,
By him that yet was never good to any:
Blood-thirſty *Schimion*, led me to all evil.
Who doth in malice far exceed the Devil.

Too long alas, he over-rul'd my will,
And made me actor of a thouſand woes,
What I refus'd, his out-rage did fulfill,
And his device, did make my friends my foes:
Then worthy Victor, mitigate my blame,
And let thy glory over-ſpread my ſhame.

No more quoth *Titus*, ſtay thy traiterous tongue,
Infect us not with thy impoyſoned breath,
I'll do thee right, that haſt done many wrong,
Thy end of ſorrow, ſhall begin thy death:
And by thy death, ſhall life ariſe to ſuch,
To whom thou thought'ſt a minutes life to much.

With that he will'd his Captains take him thence,
When he with Iron Chains was fettered faſt,
And afterward (meet meed for his offence)
Through all the Camp they led him at the laſt,
That he of them might mockt and ſcorned be,
And then in Chains they hang'd him on a tree.

This was the end of proud *Jehocanan*,
That in *Jeruſalem* did ſuch harm,
And this likewiſe was that accurſed man,
That in his malice with a fierce alarm:
Burnt all the victual laid in by the Peers,
That was enough to ſerve them twenty years.

Which was the cauſe, that in ſo ſhort a ſpace,
So great a Famine fell within the Town:
Yea this was he, burnt King *Agrippaes* Place,
And in the Temple ſlew ſo many down:
But not long after he was gone and dead,
Out of his den did *Schimion* ſhew his head.

Schimion

Schimion *in like sort being driven with hunger out of his den, apparelling himself in Princely Attire, desired to be brought before* Titus, *supposing he would have saved his life; but he commanded his head to be stricken off, and his body to be cut in pieces and cast to the dogs.*

WHo staring up and down with fearful looks,
Least any one were nigh to apprehend him,
Like to a Panther doubting hidden hookes,
That any way might lie for to offend him;
Driven with Famine, hungry at the heart,
He sought for succour of his earnest smart.

And having dreſt himself in Kingly Attire,
In richeſt manner that he could deviſe,
That Men at him might wonder, and desire
To know what Monarch did from Earth ariſe;
Far off he walked as it were in boaſt,
And ſhewed himſelf unto the *Roman* hoaſt.

For his great heart could not abide to yield,
Though gnawing hunger vext his very Soul:
Thus faintly walkt he up and down the Field,
With lofty thoughts, which Famine did controul:
Supposing firmly though he liv'd in hate,
He should find favour for his high estate.

For though (quoth he) I did the *Romans* wrong,
Yet in my deeds I ſhewed Princely courage,
Bearing a heart that did to honour throng,
And thereupon their Camp ſo oft did forage:
To haughty acts, all Princes honour owes,
For they muſt think that war hath made us foes.

Conſidering this, Prince *Titus* may be proud,
To ſuch an enemy he may favour ſhow,
And herein may his actions be allow'd,
That magnanimity he will nouriſh ſo:
And by his mercy make a friend of him,
That in his wars, ſo great a foe had been.

While in this humour he himſelf did flatter,
Of him the *Romans* had a perfect ſight,
And round about him they themſelves did ſcatter,
Yet were afraid, to come within his might:
And that they fear'd, this was the only reaſon,
They knew his craft, and doubted hidden treaſon.

But *Schimion* ſeeing that they ſhun'd him ſo,
He call'd unto them in couragious wiſe,
Majeſtically walking too and fro,
And in this ſort, his ſpeech to them applies:
If any gallant Captain with you be,
Let him approach, and talk one word with me.

With that ſtept forth a brave couragious Knight,
With weapons well provided every way,
A noble *Roman* of great ſtrength and might,
Who with his weapon drawn, theſe words did ſay:
Tell me, who art thou? that in ſuch Attire,
Walks in this place; and what is thy deſire?

I am (quoth he) undaunted *Schimion*,
The wrathful Captain of ſeditious *Jews*,
That ſlew the *Romans* in their greateſt throng,
The deed whereof I come not to excuſe:
Nor do I paſs what you can ſay thereto,
I am the man made you ſo much ado.

Yet let me thus much favour crave of thee,
As to conduct me to great *Titus* ſight,
Thy noble Friend, but enemy to me,
Yet doubt I not but he will do me right:
Bring me to him, what chance ſo ere I find,
That he may hear, and I may ſhew my mind.

The *Roman* Captain his requeſt fulfill'd,
To *Titus* Royal preſence was he brought,
Whoſe hateful perſon, when the Prince beheld,
He did refuſe to hear him ſpeak in ought:
Away with him he ſaid, let him be bound,
For of all woe, this Villain was the ground.

And

And like a Captive first let him be led,
About the Camp to suffer scoffs and scorns,
And after that strike off his hateful head,
The mansion house of mischief pricking thorns:
And let his Carkass be in pieces torn,
And every gobbet unto Dogs be thrown.

What *Titus* charg'd was put in execution,
And in this sort was *Schimions* hateful end,
Who went to death with wondrous resolution,
Not like a man, but like a hellish fend:
Thus *Titus* conquered that most precious Jem,
The beautious City, fair *Jerusalem*.

The number of those that had been slain at the siege of *Jerusalem*, *and the number of the Prisoners that* Titus *carried with him to* Rome.

THe perfect number of the people there, (slain,
The which with hunger and the sword was
Eleven hundred thousand did appear,
As Books of Records did declare it plain;
Beside all such as did unburied lie,
And divers more that did in fire die.

And

And when to *Rome* the Conquerer went his way,
The number of his Prisoners were full great,
Full Sixteen thousand men that instant day,
Were carried Captives to the *Roman* Seat:
Among'st the rest the man that wrote this story,
Who by his Wisdom purchast endless glory.

Thus Christs Propheſie truly came to pass,
Which forty years before he had expressed,
But with the *Jews* of small account it was,
Till they did find themselves so sore distressed:(spight
He sought their life, his death they wrought with
Wishing his blood on them and theirs to light.

The which according to their own request,
The Lord in wrath did perfectly fulfil,
their channels ran with blood and did not rest,
Their Blood was spilt that *Jesus* Blood did spill:
God grant we may our hateful sins forsake,
And by the *Jews* a Christian warning take.

FINIS.

An Advertisement.

THose most famous Cathartique and Diuretique *Pills*, so eminently known to be the only safe Medicine against the *DROPSIE*: wherewith was not only Cured his Late Grace *George Duke of Albemarle*, in the year 1669; but many hundreds before and since of the aforesaid Distempers, with several other desperate Diseases: are still faithfully prepared by *William Sermon* Doctor of *Physick*, one of His *Majesties Physicians* in Ordinary. Which *Pills*, beyond any ever yet extant, are certainly found to be the choicest Remedy against the *SCURVY*, with all other Sharp, Salt, Brinish, and Watry Humours. They help the Kings Evil, and cause all manner of Fistula's, Ulcers, Cancers, Leprous Itch, and spreading Sores, in what part soever, in due time to become whole: They highly Sweeten the Blood; prevent the *Measels*, *Small Pox*, or *Pestilentious Diseases*; being the best Purge after either: And kills *Worms* of all sorts most certainly: In order to which is a *Golden Essence*, drawn from the whole Mass or Composition, for the benefit of Children that cannot take *Pills*: Which *Pills* and *Essence* may not only be had from the Doctors own Hands at his House near the Sign of *Goldsmiths-Hall* in *Eastharding-street*, between *Fetter-lane* and *Shoe-lane*, *London*; but of his Trusty Friend Mr. *Edward Thomas* Bookseller, at the *Adam* and *Eve* in *Little Brittain*, and of all others mentioned in the Book given with each Box. And whereas Doctor *Sermon* is often taken for others near his name, as *Salmon* and *Sherman*; Take notice that he Writes his Name *SERMON*.

D969 D[eloney], T[homas]. The Spanish ladies love. [Anr. ed.] [London], by and for W. O. for A. M. and sold by J. Conyers, [1688-91]. brs.

O

University Microfilms International, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106